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AN APPEAL FOR THE RED MAN.

Mrs. Jeannette C. Alter, to the W. G. M. S. at Indianola, Iowa.

I AM glad to feel that there are here today warm friends of the Indian; that I have the privilege of looking into the faces of those whose letters have cheered us, and whose sympathy and prayers have strengthened us in the work. And the good words of greeting that I bring you from the Christian Indians of our mission will show that they clasp hands with you in spirit, and appreciate your practical interest and sympathy.

Our late Indian commissioner, Browning, has said: "Indian nature is only human nature bound in red," and it is gratifying to know that those of our own race are beginning to recognize the human side of Indian nature; that at the touch of Christ even the race prejudice melts away and we stand together as brother and sister "through Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in H's own blood."

Christianity is the only force that truly elevates Indian character, and upon it depends the success of all permanent, genuine work among them. I have in mind an Indian woman who, two years ago, reminded me of the one possessed of seven devils. She was hated and feared by her neighbors, and resented even the friendly advances of the missionaries. One trait only seemed to redeem her character from total depravity—she loved her aged mother, and, contrary to the general custom of the Indian, cared for her in her helplessness. Finally this mother sickened and died. The woman allowed the Christian Indians to gather there for prayer and accepted our ministrations, but sat dumb in her grief.

After the body of the mother had been laid away to rest some one suggested that the next weekly prayer-meeting be held at this house. We went, not without some misgivings. We found her sitting in a corner, traces of her mourning apparent in her disheveled hair and garments.

One after another arose and spoke or prayed, but she sat silent and unresponsive to the close of the meeting. Then, with a great effort, she spoke of her loss, of her loneliness and darkness of soul, and of her wish to find the light. During her recital one of our praying Indians, a stalwart man, turned his face to the wall and wept.

We went out from that woman's pres

ence humbled. Here was one whom we had thought perhaps wholly abandoned to the evil one, with heart prepared by the Spirit to receive the truth. Two days after, she came to our weekly temperance meeting at the church, a most unfamiliar figure in that place. At the close of the meeting she arose and spoke: "You all know me, even the dogs hurry past my door. I have been living away from the light, and the mud and mire of the pit is clinging to me. I want to take this temperance pledge. It will be the first step up toward the light, and perhaps I can keep on climbing until I find my old mother who died with a prayer on her lips." A few weeks after she gave her heart to Jesus and united with the church. That woman is a power for good among her people, and a living testimony to the elevating influences of christianity. The Christian missionary holds the key to the true heart of the Indian, and this may bring home to the heart of every Christian worker a sense of responsibility and duty toward the Indian race.

This incident will give you a glimpse of the work that has been and is now being done at our missions. The hand of the Lord is with the workers, even in the midst of discouragements and hinderances. The cottage prayer-meetings are among the most encouraging features of the work. Into their humble, darkened little homes, the Lord has revealed Himself by His spirit, and the places have often seemed glorified by His presence. Hearts have been reached here that might not be approached at another time, and we have been able to trace a number of hopeful conversions directly to the influence of these meetings.

PICTURES.

You are perhaps aware that the natural written language of the Indian is that of picture writing, and they readily catch the impression which a picture conveys, whether good or bad. In their fondness for pictures, our Indians frequently gather into their homes advertisements, often sadly lacking in purity and moral tone. They do not have these, perhaps, because they prefer them above others, but because they can be had, alas! for the asking.

I once visited a young Indian dying of consumption. Opposite his pallet hung a glaring cigarette advertisement, a most dishonoring stigma to womanhood. As I was leaving he asked, "When you come again will you bring me a picture?" I said, "If you will have that picture taken down, I will bring you one that will talk to you of God's goodness and pity." He readily assented; others followed his example, and I was soon not able to supply the demands for clean pictures.

Friends, take this thought home with you, and as you have opportunity, collect pictures, if only paper clippings, something pure and elevating in character, and send them to the reservation with your prayers, and the Lord will bless them in their mission. I will gladly furnish to those who wish, the names and addresses of Indians that will carry them into homes sadly in need of light and beauty.

I cannot close without speaking of the old Indian women, because their faces are always before me. These poor creatures represent the saddest side of Indian life. When old age and decrepitude overtake them, life becomes one hopeless round of drudgery, and, in many tribes, some of these women take their lives by their own hands rather than endure the misery of existence. Among our Indians these old women have been almost outcasts in their tribe, because of a time-honored custom among then, and one that only the power of christianity

can overcome. An hour spent in a comfortable corner of the mission kitchen was a red-letter one to them. Sometimes as I placed food before them, they would hold and stroke my dress. Hungry? yes, perhaps almost starving, but hungrier still for human sympathy. When a large package of new flannel garments came from the 8th church, Pittsburgh, made just to fit their poor misshapen bodies, they hid their withered faces against them, and showed their satisfaction and delight, perhaps appreciating most of all, the loving sympathy that prompted the gift to them, the despised and down-trodden among their people. Friends, don't forget the old Indian women in your prayers and gifts. Many of them, in spite of much superstition, pray to God and trust in Jesus for salvation.

Today is the anniversary of our leaving the Indian work. One year ago, and I can yet see the dark faces of our friends as they come for a last hand clasp, and I can hear the low wailing of the women as we climb the hill that hides the mission from view. We have no more loyal friends here, and I know we shall greet them hereafter, where we shall speak with one tongue the praises of Him who hath called us all out of darkness into His marvelous light.

IN DISGUISE.

I met Him to-day in the wintry street,
The Christ on the cross who died,
All hungered and cold in the wind and sleet,
With bleeding forehead and hands and feet,
And I blindly thrust Him aside.

Had He only come with the crown of thorn,
Or the nail-prints ruby-red;
Had the palms that pleaded for alms but worn
Their wounds, I had not put by in scorn
His piteous plea for bread.

But idly now, and all in vain,
I grieve for the grace gone by,
And muse: "Might He only come again,
I'd pity His plea, and ease His pain,
And hearken unto His cry."

Nay, nay, for the blind distinguisheth
The king with His robe and crown;
But only the humble eye of faith
Beholdeth Jesus of Nazareth
In the beggar's tattered gown.

I saw Him not in the mendicant,
And I heeded not His cry;
Now Christ in His infinite mercy grant
That the prayer I say in my day of want
Be not in scorn put by.

British Weekly.

HOW THE TEACHER CAME FOR TATCHNEE.

IT was the last day of August, hot, dusty--a thirsty day for the poor, brown grass and the motionless trees, which seemed to beg for the air and moisture that the burning sky denied.

School was to begin on the morrow and among other applicants for admission was Tatchnee. The mite was resplendent in a buckskin suit, heavy with beads and jingling with bells. As I looked at her, I was convinced that even buckskin and sleigh-bells (in August) could be forgiven the owner of such a pair of eyes. They were so earnest and fearless, and yet so jolly and bright that the sturdy young person who owned them walked right into our hearts.

I saw Mr. Hamlin struggling with the problem which troubled that famous old woman who lived in a shoe, and longing against his better judgment to take her. However, there was an older girl who really seemed to be more needy. "The

little one will probably come again; the older girl never will if we send her away;" so that settled the question.

Mr. Hamlin explained through the interpreter, kindly and regretfully, that Tatchnee would have to come another year, that just now there was not room for her. The refusal was received, Indian-like, with very little change of countenance.

Mr. Hamlin sighed, "I did hope we could open with a larger dormitory, but the Board is right—we must wait our turn. If the friends at home only knew how hard it is to turn them away!"

Then he said to me: "Take them through the house, Miss Herron, it may interest them;" adding, earnestly," Don't miss your opportunity."

I took mother and child through the house, showing this and that, and by means and signs and my very limited Indian vocabulary getting more information about our visitors. Tatchnee was seven years old an only child, and evidently held the balance of family power. The idea of her coming to school originated, we imagine, in her own small brain, and I think the maternal heart rejoiced over our refusal to keep her.

After making our round, we stepped into the little room, just large enough for three beds, which served for hospital. It looked so cool and inviting that hot August day, with the white curtains and beds. One of our girls, recovering from a few days' illness, sat by the window in a big easy-chair, with two or three picture-books for company. She and the mite were evidently old friends, so I left them together while I went off with the mother to find the interpreter and make the most of my "opportunity."

When we returned to the children, Carrie said, "Miss Herron, she wants to stay." Evidently the little maid had set her heart on staying with us, and I appreciated it to such an extent that I picked her up, buckskin, bells, dirt, and all, and gave her a good hug.

We sat down and had a little talk, consisting of very simple English on my part and very earnest interpretation on Carrie's, the mite receiving it all with sundry nods and shakes of the head, and eyes which atoned for any lack of words.

Just opposite the window hung a picture of Jesus blessing the children, and we told her of the "Good Teacher" who loves the little ones and makes room in His house for all who want to go to Him.

"Tell her, Carrie," I said, "to ask Him and He will make a way for her to learn of Him." And then I promised that if the far-away friends would only build us a larger house, she should surely come to school another year.

I stood on the porch next morning and waved a good-bye to Tatchnee, who rode by with every bell jingling and her buckskin fringes flying in the breeze. Behind her rode mother and father with heavily-laden ponies. I watched the little cavalcade and the queer, zigzag trail of the dragging tent-poles, wondering when we would see them again and praying that some word spoken might be blessed in His service.

Our dormitory grew no larger during the winter and spring, but in vacation a teacher from Hampton carried off some of our pupils, and with the first vacancy we thought of Tatchnee.

In August, Mr. Hamlin sent me out in charge of a party of the older students to do some camp work and gather up pupils for the fall. We went Indian-fashion, camping at night in our tepees, and often having our evening prayers by moonlight and starlight.

We heard that the band to which Tatchnee's father belonged was camp-

ing near the river, in the canon which the Indians call the "Three Brothers," from the three great trees which mark its location. The third day out we struck the trail, quite near our destination, and by sunset the smoke-shaded tepees appeared here and there through the trees.

The mountains were purple in the distance, the shadows lost themselves in the twilight, and the prairie grass swept in soft waves to our feet as it yielded to the evening breeze.

We stopped for a moment in the beautiful hush, and, as we waited, there rang out that cry, that exceeding bitter cry, which marks the Indian mourner. Month after month, following the death of a child, the mother goes aside to mourn for the lost treasure, cutting herself with knife, beating her breast, and tearing her hair in hopeless grief. Oh! that wail, how it hurts one's heart! The mother trying to pierce the darkness of that great Unknown into which her child has gone.

The spell of silence and peace was broken. We hurried on, and while I unpacked our belongings and the boys put up our tepees, Carrie went to find our little girl. She stayed until dark, then came back with the poor mother. One glance at her hand and arm told the story; the great scars above the elbow had hardly healed, and the poor mutilated hand told the double tale of loss and cruel custom.

The tears poured down her cheeks as she talked rapidly to Carrie, turning now and then to me with gestures so expressive that I could almost read the story of her grief in them. In the early winter the little one had taken cold and the cough which followed had given her no rest night or day. "She say, Miss Herron," interpreted Carrie, "Tatchnee talk all time 'bout school, and ask all time 'Will teacher come now?' and she say medicine rattle no good and hurt her head, and when the days get so hot and the water from the river so bad, she talk and talk 'bout the little white house and want to lie in the good white bed, and look at the picture and drink cool water. And then she say, 'No, they got no place for Tatchnee.' And then she talk to man in the picture, and ask him to send teacher to take Tatchnee.

"Then one night she very bad sick and sit up and say, 'Teacher coming, take Tatchnee, heap place now for Tatchnee,' and she look so glad and take hold her mother and say, 'You go, too,' and then she go to sleep and wake up no more."

And so the Teacher came for Tatchnee

M. J. ADAMS, in *Over Sea and Land.*

CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

Address by MRS. JENNIE LOGUE CAMPBELL, at closing of Convention, Indianola, Ia.

"CHRISTIAN Service" is the fitting theme for this the closing evening of our convention. In these two words are summed up all the varied forms of activity which we have been discussing during these days we have spent together. Whether our work relates to the home or the foreign field; whether it has regard to the Freedmen of the South, or the Indian of the West, it is all service in the name of Jesus. I need not remind you, my sisters, that the Christian life is a life of service. Your very presence here is an indication that you have recognized this service as your glad employment and to it have conse

crated your lives. Nothing is made plainer than that every Christian is called to earnest effort; the husbandman gathering in his sheaves; the fisherman drawing in the net; the laborer toiling in the vineyard. These are the symbols used by the Master himself for the life to which he calls his own. "*Ich dien*," "I serve," the motto in the crest of the Prince of Wales, should also be the motto on the heart of every heir apparent to the life immortal. In earnest and eloquent words already this evening you have been told of the training for this service, and you will pardon me if I say it in her presence, because it is true, that few women of her age know more of self-sacrificing, devoted effort than the one by whom you have just been addressed.

It is mine to-night to speak of the incentives which lead us to engage in the service of the Redeemer. In presenting inducements to others to enter upon any form of service, we are apt to labor along these lines. We speak of the character of the Master to be served, of the nature of the work to be done, of the rewards which are offered. There are incentives to Christian work to be derived from each of these considerations.

Let me speak first then in regard to the Master whom the Christian is called to serve. And, first, I would say, He is a royal Master. It is esteemed a high honor to serve in the household of a king, even in the humblest capacity. The most menial services are rendered honorable by the exalted station of the one for whom they are performed. To bear the king's burdens, to be the king's messenger, to minister to his comfort in any way,—these are offices which men have thought worth the sacrifice of time and effort to secure. The humblest soldier in the armies of England derives something of inspiration from the thought that he is fighting the battles of the queen. But if such be the love and loyalty which have prompted devoted service to earthly monarchs, what must be said of the enthusiasm which should be given to the service of our King. The human heart longs for some one to whom it may look up with reverential devotion; in whom it may find an ideal worthy of its fullest honor. All forms of hero worship are but indications of this want of our nature. Need I say, my sisters, that in the King who once wore the crown of thorns, but upon whose brow now sparkles the diadem of the universe, we find a Master worthy of our hearts best love, our life's best service? Take away the feeling of loyalty to our leader, and the nerve of Christian effort is cut. Picture in what words you will the nobility of a life of devotion to the good of humanity, it will still be true that the only permanent and prevailing motive to unselfish living is found in devotion to the divine Christ. To uphold his honor, to extend his kingdom, to win men and women to allegiance to him—these are the purposes which prompt us to service, as they have prompted unnumbered multitudes in the ages that are past. It is the thought of the kingly Christ that gives courage to the Christian worker to contend against the forces of evil. Ah, how hopeless often seems the struggle! How utterly hopeless would it be, if there were no strength but our own upon which to depend! In saving others, as well as in working out our own salvation, we wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers. But when we remember that the hand that was pierced by the nails holds the reins of the universe, our hearts grow strong to live on, and labor on, until his own voice sounds the word of release.

But this Master of ours is not only a royal leader, He is also a present friend and helper. He does not, like many an earthly master, remain in ease and comfort himself, expecting only to receive the report of faithful endeavor; He is with the worker wherever his lot may be cast. "Henceforth," he says, "I call you not servants, but friends." And in the same sentence in which he asserted his universal power, he gave the promise to his disciples, "Lo I am with you always:" Has he not kept his word? Let the lives of thousands who in high or lowly places have striven to serve Him answer. From them all comes the same response: that His good word of promise has been fulfilled. No heart that has not felt sweet peace which His abiding brings, can tell how real, how true, is the presence of Jesus.

Let me quote the words of a lady missionary in a remote station in China. Isolated from all society but that of the natives, she writes: "In no other occupation could I be so sure of such good company. In all His glory, in all His sweetness, in all His power to bless and comfort, He is with me. I have the Royal Guest who never seemed so much a King to me as since I see how regally He can dwell, in this small house of mine, and what a palace He makes it to me." Such is the joy the presence of Christ brings to the faithful one, more than compensating for the absence of human sympathy.

We have all read, with tender interest, of Mary Reed, in the lepers' enclosure, cheerfully accepting what would seem almost the saddest of earthly lots, and we have felt that she could only be sustained by the present help of the Saviour. But, my sisters, let us not forget that this same loving presence is for each of us in our varied life work, as for those who are called to special endurance. It is among the hopeful signs of the present that Christians are coming more and more to understand that they need not wait until life's burdens are laid down forever to enjoy and realize the presence of the Lord. Not only does He knock at the door of the unbeliever asking for admittance, too often even His own followers shut Him out. We are so busy with life's work; so busy, it may be, with plans for the advancement of His kingdom, that we have no time to invite Him in and to listen to the gracious words of comfort and of help which He is ready to speak. One of the dangers of this age of activity is that Christians will not take time for that communion of heart with the Saviour in which alone real spiritual strength can be gained. How much less of friction with our circumstances might be ours if only we were willing to recognize in all things the presence of the Divine Friend.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

MRS. W. J. REID.

Under date of September 25, 1897, Miss Hogg, of Asyut, Egypt, writes:

The event of this week for us has been the death of Mr. Habashy. Some one said the other day that he is the best friend the mission has ever known, and many of us feel the statement to be true. He has been an elder in the church probably since its organization, and most faithfully has he served in his office. All our mission buildings have been erected by him, and the spacious new church that is now being roofed at the northern side of the town is his last labor of love. Mr. Habashy has been our counsellor in innumerable positions of anxiety or perplexity, and our indefatigable helper in all times of need where his services were asked. In a quiet, unobtrusive way, he took endless responsibility on himself, thus freeing the missionary from a load of care. He is known all over Asyut

as absolutely faithful and trustworthy, and this and his other most lovable qualities have endeared him to everyone. His Christian example has been a shining light in Asyut, and his home has been a beautiful model for all those around him.

For about a year he has been visibly becoming a victim of lung disease, and although, in accordance with his enlightened ideas, he employed medical aid from the beginning of his illness, yet he gradually faded away before our eyes. He had expressed a hope that God would take him on a Sabbath day, his danghter and a close friend of his family had died in their homes on that day. God granted his wish and took him to rest last Lord's Day.

It is the usual custom in Egypt to make no reference to the dying one of his approaching departure, and all is done until the very last moment to deceive him into thinking himself in no danger. Mr. Habashy, on the contrary, was fully aware of his condition, and when strong enough, talked at great length on every phase of the subject. He made his will, leaving everything to his widow, which is also contrary to custom. He did everything in his power to make things as easy as possible for his family, and only regretted his departure because he had hoped to be able to help his wife in the training of the younger children. He gave innumerable injunctions to his wife, daughter and others about their conduct in the future, especially in regard to not following the almost heathenish native customs at the time of death and thereafter. He instructed his daughter, who is one of the head teachers in our school, not to be absent herself long from her work after his death; also not to be afraid or worried by people's accusing her of not being sad over her father's death. At the very close of his illness he was filled with longing to go, and would say over and over again to his sorrowing relatives, "Do not weep—I am happy. Hasten, Oh God, the time of my release."

I long to tell you more details, but fear I have already far exceeded the limits. His wife and children have most beautifully carried out his desires in regard to everything, and are a most striking example of what the religion of Jesus has done and can continue to do in this land.

When we go to visit them, his wife and daughter sit and pour forth words of comfort and strong faith, testifying to the goodness and mercy of God in the midst of their affliction, and instead of coming away weeping over the loss of our dear friend, we return to our home praising God with thankful hearts for the wonderful power of His grace in the weak human heart.

Miss A. Y. Thompson tells of changes made at mid-summer meeting of the Association.

At the summer meeting of the Missionary Association, Mr. and Mrs. Finney were located in Alexandria, and this necessitated the sending of some family to take up the work in Mansoura where the Finneys have spent about fourteen years of missionary life. Dr. and Mrs. White were appointed to Mansoura, and this caused a good deal of sorrow in our Cairo station, as Dr. and Mrs. White have endeared themselves to us all during their three years residence here, and to our native friends and pupils and other residents, as they have always been so active and bright and helpful in every way. We miss their leadership in singing, and also in the society of Christian Endeavor. Our prayers go with them to their new field where they went last week.

Miss Smith returned last week lookiug much refreshed by her sojourn in Switzerland, and we trust she has a store of strength for the hard work she has to do.

Miss Kyle is just recovering from a week's illness. She is very busy with her numerous family, both boarding-school scholars and day pupils, and she is glad to have the assistance of Miss Dickey, who is now in Cairo.

Dr. Anna Watson and Dr. Caroline Lawrence spent a few days with us here before beginning their autumn work. If we had a doctor here I could easily gather up a large number of patients for her. But we have no doctor connected with our work in Cairo. I am sometimes surprised that the health of our city is as good as it is, when I visit the poor people and see the wretched sanitary arrangements.

Dr. and Mrs. Watson are now preparing to go on board the "Ibis," to be absent several months visiting the churches up Nile. They will be much missed here, but their desire is the conversion of souls and they are willing to spend and be spent in Christ's service wherever duty calls them. In my own work I have many things to be thankful for, both as regards health and work, the new school, the meetings, etc.

Miss Finney, of Mansoura, also writes of changes which must have been trying to herself:

The past week has witnessed changes in the Mansoura mission circle. Dr. and Mrs. White have come to take up work, the which has been for years so faithfully carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Finney, and at the same time Mr. and Mrs. Finney have entered upon their new work in the Alexandria station. The native brethren here have been very free in showing their appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Finney's labors among them, and have vehemently protested against their leaving.

We are well enough acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. White to know that they will not be long in gaining the love and confidence of those to whom they have been sent, and we know that our Master will richly bless those who have left us to work in Alexandria and those who have come to work here.

India.

Miss McCullough, of Gujranwalla, tells of examinations:

Twenty one girls from our mission school for heathen girls, competed for prizes in the annual Bible examinations given by the committee of the Mrs Baring Memorial Fund. Nine of them were successful in gaining 68 rupees. Three others passed, but were not eligible for prizes, as they had before each received a prize, and to again receive one required a higher grade than before. Tabin, a Mohammedan girl, got the highest prize, twelve rupees. The second prize was won by Vero, a Hindoo girl, who received ten rupees. They were examined on the first twelve chapters of Luke's Gospel and all of I Kings. The class Miss Mookerjie had prepared to take the examination all left school after the government examination, which came earlier than usual this year, some of them going to their fathers' houses, and others going to their fathers-in-law or husbands' houses. They could not wait for the Bible examination, or their friends would not let them do so.

The girls who were examined prepared themselves mostly, and in a very short time, as Miss Mookerjie was too busy to help them much. If the class she prepared could have been examined, they would no doubt nearly all have passed as she is an excellent Bible teacher.

On every hand there are tokens that God has visited the parched earth with refreshing showers, and the prospect is good for plenty of food for both man and beast. The grass and corn, which has

sprung up since the rains began, is a great boon to the horses and cattle, already saving many of them from starvation.

The majority of the people of India are starving spiritually, some because they *will* not accept the "Bread of Life," and others because they do not *know* where to find it. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God"—and how shall they hear without preachers and teachers? The people of America have responded nobly to the appeal for earthly bread. In like manner I beseech you, remember the starving souls, which are perishing for the bread that was sent down from heaven.

Mrs. Hill writes:

During May, as it began to get warm on the plains, the new missionaries and babies were sent off to the hills. Mr. and Mrs. Crowe went to Kashmir for their first summer, and Miss Josephine Martin and I came to Dharmsala. We made the trip from Sialkot alone, stopping to visit at Gujranwala and Gurdaspur. Leaving the railroad at Pathankot, we came by tonga sixty miles to Dharmsala. We have made our home with Mrs. Anderson and Helen in Rookwood. We arrived here May 25, and have spent the time in studying. We have finished the course for the first year and are now reviewing, and we will have our first year's examination in October. We have a lesson in reading and writing each day, and have also been learning to count, and can go to one hundred. I now understand why children always show such pride when they are able to count one hundred.

We are pleased to find we are not quite so helpless as when we first came to India, but can make our wants known to the servants. When we first began to talk and be understood by the servants, I am not sure which were the more pleased—I that had been understood, or the servants that they had understood me.

Dharmsala is a beautiful place and we have enjoyed our first summer very much. We have enjoyed the mountains and the long walks and picnics.

Mrs. Kyle has been ill for sometime, but is much better now.

Miss Morrison writes from Kashmir that she is much better. Most of the missionaries are now off to some hill station for their vacation.

The Sialkot Convention that is to be held in October is now the one interesting topic of conversation, and preparations are being made for it. We are meeting together every few days to practice singing, as we want to sing the psalms, as they have never been sung in India. We hope the church at home is remembering our convention, that we may have showers of blessing at that time.

The new missionaries are anxiously waiting for annual meeting that we may know where our future field of labor is to be, but we know that wherever it may be it will not be disappointment but His appointment.

Dr. Sophie E. Johnson, writing from Jhelum, says:

"Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called," is the first article on the *Revision of methods of mission work*, which we shall take up for discussion at our approaching annual meeting. But I am glad to say, a beginning has been made at Jhelum in this line, by one of our latest converts from the *Sikh* caste (Hindu), a carpenter by trade, who is not only continuing in his calling but has honored it by doing his work better. As he himself said to us one day, "Since Jesus was a carpenter, I feel proud that I am doing the same kind of work. I am not ashamed of it." *He* for one has learned that it is not the work which does the man the honor, but the man the work by doing it well, "as to the Lord." I am sure you would like to know something more about this carpenter, so a few words about his conversion.

Mehrsing, a native of Gurdaspur district, used to be a follower of Gwin Manak the great Sikh reformer. He came to Jhelum about two years ago to do some wood carving for an officer and afterwards we employed him to make hospital furniture. As customary with all missionaries we have morning services in Hindustani for the benefit of the servants. Mehrsing, while working for us, was invited to come in to worship when the bell rang, but he did not like this at all, but finally persuaded by our Mohammedan servants, he came into service. Still for days he would repeat the name of his teacher "Gwin Ji, Gwin Ji," during the reading of the word, but we said nothing to him. By and by he began to listen, and his face lit up with a look of enquiry. Then we noticed Mehrsing was the first to lay down his tools and come in when the bell rang. He would now and then ask questions, and he began to attend our Sabbath services in the church, and Wednesday prayer meetings, contributing liberally when the bag went round. This went on for months. Meantime he worked for Mr. Scott, who instructed him very thoroughly. Though slow of understanding and not able to read, he showed such strong faith in Christ as his Saviour that Mr. Scott baptized him at last to our great joy. Last month he was married to one of our Christian nurses, and they are very happy.

Soon after they were married they came to see us, and Mehrsing said, "Tell us how we should live." Knowing some of the failings of our native Christians, I gave them both what I call the "five-finger rule":

1. Remember the Sabbath, to keep it holy.
2. Have daily family worship.
3. Give the Lord His tenth.
4. Don't get into debt.
5. Lay by something, ever so little, for a "rainy day."

It is such a pleasure to meet a Christian who is not ashamed to work and is ready to help others and the cause of Christ while working with his hands.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

S. S. BRITANNIA,
INDIAN, OCEAN,
Oct. 4th, 1897.

DEAR MAGAZINE:—It will be four weeks tomorrow noon since I embarked at New York. I expected the voyage would take at least six weeks, but if all goes well we will reach Bombay by the 9th, and the mission field by the 14th—five weeks and two days from New York. This will be the quickest trip I have ever made, as both the former trips re-

quired four full weeks from London to Bombay. As we expect to reach Bombay on Saturday we will have to wait there till Monday to avoid traveling on the Sabbath, or else break journey. I prefer to wait.

We have been favored with good weather all the way; not a gale have we had but as we still have five days before us we may have some rough times yet. There was enough swell however on the Atlantic, and in the Bay of Biscay, to make some of us feel we were "poor, miserable creatures." Yet even on the Atlantic we had some really pleasant days.

In the Red Sea we had some hot days, nevertheless there has been a good breeze that makes it very pleasant on deck. On the whole it has been a rather comfortable voyage, I think; all in all, the most comfortable I have had either going or coming, so far as the weather has been concerned.

There are about three hundred passengers on this steamer, the mail steamer between England and India. I suppose out of all this company there are not a dozen who do not use some kind of spirituous drink. At our table there are seats for eighteen persons. I have never counted less than thirteen bottles at meal time. Last night at dinner there were sixteen persons at the table and the same number of bottles; as four had none there were several who had two. Then this is not all; there are drinks constantly being taken on deck, and as we pass up and down stairs I see them standing about the bar drinking. Then the smoking too is disgusting; every man seems to have either pipe, cigar or cigarette, and at least three of the female portion use the latter. The deck is never free from the fumes of tobacco smoke. Cards are indulged in freely and openly. There have been three or four dances, and very likely there will be more.

All these practices detract much from the enjoyment of the voyage, as there is no getting away from them, especially since it has become so warm; for the only place one can sit with any comfort is on the deck.

But there are some pleasant experiences. The smooth, deep blue water; or, when we get nearer the shore, the beautiful green tint, is always pleasant to see. Then the different ports at which we call—Gibraltar, Malta, Brindisi, Port Said, Suez, Aden, all have something of interest, even if nothing but bare rugged rocks.

This morning at Aden some of the young men passengers baited a hook with a piece of fresh meat and fished for sharks. They hooked one, and we were all much interested, of course, but they failed to land him. After they had held his head out of the water for some ten minutes or so, he gave a struggle and got away. They were not up to the business, and instead of holding him up by the line they should have let him have string for a while until he became exhausted, or else had they shot him at first they would have secured him. However we had a good sight of him while he was on the hook. Just beside where this was going on the native boys were diving for coins thrown by the passengers, apparently without any fear of the terrible creatures lurking about.

We attended service in the English church at Brindisi, the Sabbath we were there, taking on the mails which came overland by train from London. Also yesterday on board an English clergyman conducted two services, and gave us two excellent discourses. The one we heard at Brindisi was really more like an essay on the good there is in human nature. It is a great pity that ministers will spend their time deliver-

ing discourses instead of preaching Christ and his gospel. It was quite refreshing to hear the true ring in yesterday's sermons.

SEPT. 8.– We are due in Bombay very early tomorrow morning; so our letters, in order to catch the outgoing steamer, will be mailed on board this evening. We have had two days of unpleasantness since I began my letter. The ship rolled from side to side in a way that made us very uncomfortable, but it is behaving better now and we are happy again. It seems hard to realize I am so near the field that is so dear to me; but a few days more and I shall be with those who have become a part of my life. Truly I feel that I am near home once more.

I will try to let you hear from me again before very long. Remember to pray for us, and for those whom the Lord has given us from amongst the heathen.

Yours very sincerely,
ELIZABETH MCCAHON.

DHARMSALA, NORTH INDIA,
September 21st, 1897.

Now is the time for vacation and rest for most of the missionaries, so most of the mission stations on the plains are deserted for the time being. Some few of our fellow-workers who were compelled to take vacation earlier, on account of illness, are now returned again to their posts, and are quietly "holding the fort" until the rest return. A number of us are here together in beau- Dharmsala. The four houses on the high hill (Dhamikot) are full, to their utmost capacity. It is indeed most pleasant for so many of us to be here close together for even a short time. We can and do have all sorts of good times. However, our pleasure at the present time is somewhat marred by the fact that Dr. Platter, who came among us about a fortnight ago, has been ill ever since coming up. We are very glad this evening that she is better, and we hope she will soon be able to enjoy the beauties of the mountains, the picnics, etc., with the rest of us. Mrs. Kyle, who had been confined to her room and bed all the summer, is able now to be out again and seems to be steadily improving in health. Today she was able to take a short walk with her husband. I wish I could tell you how beautiful these hills are, but you know these are things too grand for description, and it would be foolishness for me to try to put anything like a true idea of them on paper. He who made all things for His own glory draws us closer unto himself as we gaze upon his handi-work.

Miss Logan and I have a most pleasant home in the family of Rev. J. H. Martin while here. Not least among the pleasant things which come to us, in this vacation is the company of the children. I would gladly tell you all about these little men and women, about their interests, daily pursuits, different tastes, &c., &c., but time and space both forbid; suffice it to say they are all wonderfully interesting children, make some wonderful speeches, and do some wonderful feats, and that you may look for them in future, to fill positions of greatest honor and trust in church, state, or even nation.

Quite a number of our little colony here on the hill-top are preparing to go back to the plains in a few days, and after two weeks nearly all will have gone back to our several stations and works, better and stronger, we hope, for having had the rest and recreation.

We are looking forward to the convention (of which you all have heard) which follows our annual meeting in October, in anticipation of a grand, good

time. So many, many prayers have been offered in behalf ot this convention and those who have it in charge that our faith would, indeed be small did we not expect "showers of blessing from it."

We are sure that after participating in such a meeting as the convention to which we look forward, we can go out to our several places of labor better fitted to preach the Gospel and spread the Glad Tidings among the benighted ones of this dark land.

Pray for us that there be not one Indian Christian missionary who shall fail to receive the blessing in store for him.

Lovingly, in His name,

SALLIE ESTELLE DICKEY.

Gurdaspur.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT,
October 25, 1897.

DEAR FRIENDS:—One year ago today we landed in Alexandria. We do not realize that a year has passed since we came here, and more than a year since we bade farewell to dear ones in the home land and set out on the mighty deep. We will not soon forget the morning of October 25, 1896. We anchored about 5 a. m. and, after a hurried breakfast, started out to find the American mission house. We were fortunate in getting a carriage-man who knew the place, so we experienced no difficulty in finding it, and ascertained after we arrived that Mr. McFarland and Miss McDowell had gone to meet us. We received a hearty welcome and soon felt very much at home. It was Sabbath morning, so after breakfast we went to church. Mr. Reed and Mr. Sowash went to the Arabic service at 8.30 a. m., but Mrs. Reed and I thought we would not venture on Arabic the first day, so we waited an hour and a half and went to the English service. It didn't seem much like Sabbath as we passed through the streets. It was market-day in Alexandria, and the streets were so crowded it was difficult to get through them, for Sabbath seems to be the busiest day in the week here. How we long for the time when business will close Saturday night and the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," will be obeyed.

Last Saturday Miss McDowell, Miss McMillan, Mr. Sowash and I called upon our native minister and his wife. He was not at home, but his wife entertained us very nicely. She is better educated than most of the ministers' wives. She can read, something that very few of them can do. She also visits the houses with her husband, which speaks a great deal for a woman in Egypt. We also called on one of our church members and his wife. We were only there a short time when his wife came in with coffee. We had two very pleasant calls.

We are busy with the Arabic, and are just beginning to find out how difficult it is. How anxious we are to learn it, so we can talk with these people and teach them of Christ, tell them of his love for them, and that through His death we all may have eternal life.

Vacation is over, and soon all will be busy in their respective stations.

We enjoyed our stay in Ramle very much. It is quite cool and pleasant there during the hot months, and it is good to meet the other missionaries. We had the pleasure of having Mrs. Reid with us two weeks. She gained strength very fast and was quite well when they left for Cairo.

We will be glad to welcome the new missionaries now on their way to us. Hope their voyage may be a pleasant one, and that they may escape that dread accompaniment, sea-sickness.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH G. SOWASH.

Duty, Necessity and Results of Mission Work.

By Miss Macie Stevenson of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church South.

How many times we have heard, "Why do you go to Mexico when there is so much to do at home?" We have been reminded so often that charity begins at home, that we might all grant this as a settled fact now and spend the rest of our time in finding where charity ends. Worthy pursuit, led on by "pure ey'd Faith white handed Hope" following after Charity.

Come to Mexico and you will hear on every hand "una caridad." Give and you receive in return a prayer that the Virgin may bless you and give you double. A few centavos is the meaning of the Mexican's cry for charity. Saddest of all they do not realize the extent of their own poverty. They know not that they are "wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked." Poor? when they can commit any sin and without even a thought of repentance buy forgiveness. Poor? when at the end of life filled with vice they can buy entrance into the eternal port of happiness, and even after death bought out of purgatory? Can they realize that they are poor and yet think they are paying their way to heaven? They do not know that all has been paid and that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. Can they think that they are blind when they take pride in telling us that they see what they worship? They are not blind to their costly cathedrals. And on entering, the worshiper sees the bowl of holy water into which if he dips the tips of his fingers, and makes the sign of the cross on his forehead, he believes that satan is driven away. (Unfortunately satan hasn't the fear of water that some of the nations have.) The worshiper is not blind to the real forest of candles ablaze upon the main altar, adorned in almost every possible way. He sees the priest in his robe of white and gold, now bowing, now kissing the altar. Then the train of little boys in white and red dresses sprinkling incense. Are these all? No; he looks around and sees the keys in the hands of St. Peter, and all the objects of worship of every variety, from a cheap picture to the life-size sculpture clothed in satin with precious stones and costly adornments, to the value of thousands of dollars. Blind? why no, every one knows he can see. Ask him if he has seen a Bible. Now we know he is blind, for without its light he is groping in darkness. He does not know God is a spirit and those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Miserable? when supernatural things are occurring almost all the time! Does the Virgin not appear to her favored ones and perform many miraculous cures? Only last year a letter was said to have arrived in Tampico counselling those faithful to the Virgin, but forbidden to be seen by those who had forsaken her, meaning the Catholic girls in the Protestant school.

But Mexico's darkness is not only the darkness of ignorance and superstition, it is the deep darkness of indifference and infidelity. It is very rare to see a man in Mexico who has any religion whatever. They want their wives and daughters to be devout, but they themselves care for none of these things. "To be of no church is dangerous," and especially if this results from a lack of any sense of individual responsibility. We often think of the solicitude at home about one person out of the church. Let not our neighbor in Mexico say, "No man cared for my soul."

Yet with all this error we find some truth intermingled, which makes it all the more dangerous. The majority

have heard that Christ died to save sinners, but they do not trust in Him for salvation. They appeal to many saints as meditators and believe the Virgin Mary to be more merciful and true to sinners than Jesus.

In a letter received a few days ago we read, "If the work could be brought nearer home to the people of the church, I think there would be no trouble in raising funds for its furtherance." No doubt this is just what is needed—a real knowledge of the condition of Mexico. But to be fully comprehended this must be seen, for it is beyond "the power behind the pen." If any one doubts the necessity of mission work in Mexico let him come and see. What is gained by money and a life spent in Mexico? Results are as bright as the promise of God. The cup of cold water for Christ's sake will not lose its reward. We always want to see the fruits, and in this resemble the blinded Mexicans, for we depend so much on our sight. We must remember that our eyes are not to be fixed on results bnt on God Himself. Do not the names Zaleta, Trujillo, Cruz, Hernandez, Morato and Millado remind us of what God has wrought in Mexico through our own church? There are some whom you do not know by name who will be stars in your crown of rejoicing in the day that Christ shall make us His jewels. Results are God's. He will do his part and will also help each one to realize and accomplish his individual duty. Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent"?—*A. R. Presbyterian.*

Tampico, Mexico, Oct. 18, 1897.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Junior Missionary Society, Orphans' Home.

For the highest percentage of enrollment a banner was presented to the Orphans' Home Juniors at the annual rally of Junior missionary societies, held in the Third church, Pittsburgh, Saturday, Oct. 30, of which the following is the report:

Seventy-two names are on our roll,
This is counting every poll;
Thirty-two girls and forty boys,
With their sorrows and their joys.

Seven were members but a day;
Twelve were not even once away.
Average attendance, forty-three,
About fifty-nine and one-third per cent. you see.

How much money did we give
To tell the heathen how to live?
Not very much, it seems to me,
For only five dollars went over the sea.

Egyptian boy and Jhelum bed,
(The Juniors' special work, 'tis said,)
Were helped a little with our mite.
In giving more would we delight.

Lessons of missionary women and men,
What they did, and where and when;
The promises of God, and his commands,
Are what we study in our Junior band.

Many leaders once we had;
Two remain—'Tis very sad;
One was married, others weary grew;
That's how it is there are only two.

Chautauqua Drill.

BY REV. H. N. KINNEY.

1. Right hand raised, with concert repetition—"Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord."

2. Clasp hands once—"O, clap your hands, all ye people."

3. Fold arms—"Thy word have I hid in mine heart."

4. Both hands raised, palms to front—"Stand up and bless the Lord."

5. Join the tips of the fingers over

the head—"His banner over me is love."

6. Hands to sides—"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom."

7. Right hand extended, palm up—"Length of days is in her right hand."

8. Left hand extended, palm up—"And in her left hand riches and honor."

9. Both hands extended—"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

10. Right face—"And all her paths are peace.'—*Selected.*

Junior Missionary Rally.

The fifth annual rally of the Junior missionary societies of Allegheny and Monongahela presbyteries was held in the Third Church, Pittsburg, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2 p. m. Forming in line in the lecture room, the march was taken up stairs, singing as they went, "All ends of earth shall turn to God the Lord," with the accompaniment of the cornet played by one of the Juniors. The platform was beautifully decorated with greens and hot-house flowers, making it a bower of beauty. Hundreds of Juniors, boys and girls, expectancy written on every face, voices ringing out in the singing of the precious psalms, marched with banners unfurled and raised on high for Christ and His cause.

The opening devotional exercises were conducted by Mrs. W. S. Harper, after which Mrs. E. M. Hill, president of the Junior association, addressed the Juniors, giving for the coming year the motto, "Follow on," from Hos. 6:3. She impressed upon them the truths of following on in learning, praying and giving, making very plain the necessity of each to be successful in the work. A representative of each society gave a report of the work done in his own society and many encouragements were gleaned from these reports in regard to the numbers enrolled, attendance at the meetings, and the contributions received.

The program proved a very interesting and entertaining one. The first number was a "sheaf" exercise by a number of boys from the Ingram society. This was followed by a solo by Miss Grace Miller. "Daisies, Pansies and Rosebuds" was given by the Orphans' Home Juniors. An address by the gen'l secretary, Mrs. N. Wylie Stevenson, was very much enjoyed. She spoke of the work that has been done, and made a plea for the special work of this year, the purchase of 100 acres in the Alabama farm.

The music, furnished by the Campbell orchestra from the Juniors of the Sixth church, Pittsburg, was specially enjoyable, and had a vote been taken, as to whether they would attend the next rally, it would no doubt have been unanimous. The "Missionary Album" was unfolded by a number of girls from the Sixth church Allegheny. Six little girls in costumes, representing as many different countries, were each introduced by two others, who pictured the trials of life in heathendom. The "Marys of the Bible," by the Third church society, of Pittsburg, was a very pretty exercise.

Now all eyes are riveted on Rev. Chas. F. Wishart, as he ascends the steps of the platform to award the banners. On the announcement of the successful contestants applause fills the house, showing that all gloried in the success of the winner. In a few appropriate remarks Mr. Wishart presented the banner, for the highest percentage of enrollment at the rally, to the Orphans' Home Juniors; for the largest average attendance, in proportion to the enrollment at ten regular meetings during the year, in Allegheny, to the Sixth church Juniors, and in Monongahela, to the Oakmont society.

A very hearty vote of thanks was extended to Dr. McCrory for the use of his church; to the ladies for the decorating

and to one and all who had helped in any way to make the rally a success.

Rev. Wishart pronounced the benediction, the flowers were distributed for sick ones who had been unable to attend, and Juniors and leaders turned their faces homeward, having spent a pleasant and profitable afternoon.

MARGARET J. MITCHELL.

Gathered from Various Sources.

Average cost to the government for each Indian killed in warfare, $25,000.

Estimated cost of educating an Indian, $1,200.

Gen. Morgan says: "There are now more than 23,000 Indian youths enrolled in schools, and they show the same aptitudes as white children under similar circumstances."

An Indian mission church in Santee agency, Neb., gives to missionary enterprises outside the church an average of more than nine dollars a member each year, and for its own home expenses, and to spread the gospel among the Indians, more than eleven dollars a member each year.

Through changed conditions, it has frequently been said, the Indian will rapidly die out; but information received at the Indian Bureau shows that this is an error. There are now about three hundred thousand Indians in the United States, and it is evident that they are increasing in numbers.

BRITISH COLUMBIA INDIANS.—They have their own police, and are more obedient to the law than the whites of the surrounding country. There has been no bloodshed among them for twenty-four years, which cannot be said of the white settlement near them. No liquor is sold among them, woman has her proper position, and they are careful to observe the Sabbath. The Western Union Telegraph Company employed some of these Indians to assist in locating a new line. When Sabbath came, the whites went on with their work but the Indians rested and in spite of ridicule held their little service. On the following day they outstripped the whites and finished their part of the work first. The agent of the company afterwards remarked to Mr. Duncan, "The next time I want Indians that won't work on the Sabbath."—*Mission Field Reformed Ch.*

Dollsin Mission Boxes.

DEAR EDITOR:—I took a *scunner* the other day at the giving of dolls as prizes to non-Christian children. I was called out by one of my assistants to a village not far from Mhow, where a house with rather gaudy decorations was pointed out to me. On entering we found it had been reserved for the worship of Ganesh during the festival held in his honor. Around the walls were the usual grotesque and obscene pictures of Hindu deities, relieved by chromos of Her Majesty the Queen Empress, the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal family. As presiding genius of the scene was Ganpati, the elephant-faced god, under a gaudy canopy of turkey-red and tinsel work, further decorated with artificial fruit, flowers, &c. What struck me most particularly however as a missionary were the goddesses that surrounded the god. They were dolls, mission dolls, sent out by the mission bands of Canada, and presented by our mission schools to the village children as an encouragement to attend school. If not themselves the immediate objects of worship they certainly partook of the worship offered to the god.

On mentioning my experience a few

days afterwards to an old missionary who has been visiting some of the missions of North India, he told me that this was the third time on this trip that he had heard a similar story about the use of mission dolls, and that one mission had about decided to write home and refuse to receive any more dolls. A lady missionary the other day told me that she had accidentally come on some mission dolls, in one of her houses, set up in a very suggestive manner in what she afterwards found out to be the *puja* room of the house.

Perhaps some of your readers may have further experiences to give in this connection. It seems to me surely a matter for serious consideration in all missions as to whether dolls should ever be given to non-Christian children.

Yours faithfully,

NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

From the Indian Standard.

A Brief Account of Some of Our Clinic Patients.

To one who has a love for the work the practice of medicine is always interesting, doubly so here where the environments, people, customs, diseases and needs resemble the land and times in which worked the great Healer.

Although Egypt's children may not acknowledge their souls in need of healing, or their minds of enlightment, like poor humanity the world over, they are ever ready to seek healing for their bodies. As the language of suffering and of pain is a universal language, the medical missionary may, if it be deemed wise, begin work as soon as he enters the field.

Benha, midway between Tanta and Cairo, is a typical Egyptain town of twelve thousand inhabitants. No one knows where they all live, eat, and sleep. They form part of "the other half." Here a semi-weekly clinic is held. To our little room in a native home come many poorer Moslem women. Oh, how close and ill-smelling the atmosphere grows as they crowd in fresh from the market and the field. Often it it is a child for whom they seek our remedies. These little ones, when one's interest in childhood helps her overlook the evidences of a neglected toilet, are attractive and lovable. The child views the world from a perch on his mother's shoulder. Here he sits, his eyes and head unprotected from the sun. The mother goes about her work, selling in the market, driving a loaded donkey, delivering milk, etc. The little one naps and wakes regardless of the jolting, the heat or the flies which settle upon the inflamed eyelids.

The children are given their choice of the family menu, scanty as it is. The wee ones cut their teeth on a green cucumber; so you may well imagine they have a double portion of the ills of babyhood. Many of them never live out their first year; so all over Egypt are numberless tiny graves where the mothers weep in hopeless grief. They know no heaven. The Moslems do not grant it to womankind.

The women come to us with sore, inflamed eyes, and often they themselves give as a cause, crying and sleeplessness from sorrow for a dead child. So with our eyewater, we tell them of the Christ, of his love for the children, and, most wonderful of all to their clouded minds, of the home to which He tenderly takes his little ones. We must give them this balm for their sorrow in homeopathic doses. "It is all so strange and new—too good to be true. Surely it is but the deceiving tale of these Franks. Heaven is made for men. God cannot love the poor despised women."

One forlorn soul, who with her brown

bright-eyed baby boy eagerly greeted us every morning, kissing our hands and calling on the prophet to bless us, said once in the confidence of gratitude, "I have not wept so much since coming to you. I am happier." "Do you pray to God?" "No I cannot." "Why?" "My husband pushed me from the roof and hurt my knee so that I caunot bend it. Her idea of prayer was that of all Moslems. The most important part consists in assuming the seven attitudes.

The children seem jolly and happy, although they know nothing of the merry romps of American childhood. The young girls and young women are light-hearted and easily amused, but after this age life to an Egyptian woman of the lower class is hard and full of drudgery. She grows quickly old, dispirited, irritable, uninterested and uninteresting; and this to her is all of existence.

Is it not a glorious privilege to give to these saddened lives even a glimpse of a better hope? What a specific for these sin-sick souls is the news of the life, the death, the love of our Christ.

CAROLINE C. LAWRENCE.

Tanta, Egypt.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

I think I will tell you about a little girl of my acquaintance, who is also one of my dear friends whose name is Kiwan. She is about ten years old.

I say *about* because among the village people in this country it is not customary to keep a register of the births of the children as we do, but the mother just remembers the best she can, and often as the children grow older she is not at all certain about their ages. How would you like not to be able to have a birthday dinner or party because you did not know when your birthday came?

Well my little friend Kiwan is a farmer's daughter, and her father's circumsiances are very similar to those of the majority of the native Christians in this land; so when you hear about her you will have a fairly good idea of the lives of the village Christian boys and girls out here. The boys' work differs somewhat from that of the girls, but since Kiwan's only brother is still quite small, she goes to the field with her father, and does a good deal of work which usually falls to the share of the boys. But perhaps I had best begin by telling you something about his house.

In this land, for the sake of protection the people live in villages or cities, and we see none of the quiet country homes which are so common in our own America. The houses of the poorer people are made of a substance composed of mud, straw and cow-manure, and usually consist of two small rooms not having any windows in them.

Kiwan's home has a small court in front, which is enclosed by a wall perhaps three feet high, made of the same material as the house. Of the two rooms the one used as bed room is beyond the other and has no communication whatever with the outside world except through this front room. This back room is frequently used as a cow stall too. I do not need to tell you that the air is always foul and impure. After sitting in this room but a few minutes I have felt almost suffocated. The room is flat, and the family when at the house at all spend most of the time on the roof. The streets of the village are very narrow, so narrow that we can with difficulty get past the donkeys that continually come and go through them, and when we meet a big buffalo or ox being led to work or to water either we must step into a house to let the animal pass, or he must be led back and we given the right of way. I will not try to tell you how filthy their streets.

often are, for if I were to do so you would be quite disgusted. Until one has become in some measure accustomed to them, he often becomes quite squeamish in passing along them.

The working people of this country rise early, and Kiwan is usually up by four or half past in the morning. It is not the custom to take breakfast the first thing in the morning as we do, and the first meal of the day is usually eaten about ten o'clock. There is often something left over from the evening meal, and this is eaten by the small children of the family when they get up; but the regular meal rarely comes before ten o'clock or even later.

Now I will tell you of Kiwan's usual work on a winter day. The first two hours are spent in grinding flour for the day's bread or in spinning, but her older sister and mother do most of the spinning. I wish I could take time to describe the mill stones upon which this grinding is done, but it would take too much of my time, and yours, too, perhaps. They are the same as those frequently referred to in the Bible.

After the grinding, the milk, which was boiled and placed in an earthen vessel the night before, is churned. The butter is put away to be converted into *ghi*, a grease used in the preparation of almost all native food, and the buttermilk set aside to be drunk with the morning meal. In the meantime her mother or sister has been kneading the cakes of flour and water which are to be baked on a griddle over the fire. These cakes, together with a dish of greens or turnips highly seasoned with grease, red pepper and garlic, will compose the breakfast. When the meal is ready a part is set aside for the members of the family who are at the same house and the rest tied up in a very soiled cloth which Kiwan carries to the field to her father. Then if he needs her assistance she drives the oxen that turn the well-wheel or helps him with some light work, or else gathers the cow manure which accumulated around the well during the night, and placing it in a flat basket carries it to the house on her head. It is patted out into balls and placed in the sun to dry. This is the fuel.

After this she has some leisure, which she probably spends in the little school gathered together under a large tree at the entrance of the village. Towards evening she goes back to the well where her father is at work and cuts grass for the oxen. She also gathers the greens or turnips which are to be used in the preparation of the evening meal and brings them home in a little bundle on her head.

Well I suppose you think Kiwan's work for the day is done. Well, her work is done, but she is not ready for bed yet. We have an earnest faithful catechist in that village, and, because during the day very few of the people have time to receive religious instruction, he gathers them together in the evenings and teaches them at least two hours.

I wish you could see them as they are gathered together in the little mud room. The catechist sits on a stool some four inches high, and the rest sit on the floor. The room is dimly lighted by a small earthen vessel containing mustard oil and a lighted wick. This wick is made by rolling a bit of cotton between the palms until it takes the proper shape. Most of the men have their pipes, and ere long the air is white with smoke. Here they are taught many precious truths, and here Kiwan often repeats her catechism or commits the golden text for the coming Sabbath.

Kiwan's sister, who is much taller than she, does not enjoy this evening study very much, and usually steals away and goes to bed. One evening when

asked why it was that Jiwan always seems much more tired in the evenings than she, she replied: "O, Jiwan's back is much longer than mine, and since there is more of it to get tired she feels it more." We were amused at this charitable explanation of the matter.

Now I wonder if I have given you the impression that Kiwan is a perfect little girl who always does just the thing she should do and is never naughty. If I have I must correct it, for Kiwan, though in many ways a very nice little girl, is by no means perfect. She has quite as much temper as is good for any little girl, and it is altogether undisciplined and uncontrolled and sometimes she gets angry and says very naughty words.

Will you not pray, dear children, that the Christian boys and girls in this land may truly be shining lights, and that many of the heathen children may be brought to know Him who loved them so much that He died for them?

Your Loving Friend,

MARY E. LOGAN,

Gujranwala, India, July 19, 1897.

Lesson for January.

Subject.—Child Life in India.

Opening Exercises.—Read Prov. 40. Sing Nos. 47; 190; 61:5, 6; 35. during the meeting.

BIBLE READING—CHILDREN.

A blessing or a curse—Prov. 10: 1; 15:20. A blessing if wise, a curse if foolish. A crown of glory—Prov. 17:6. The way for children to become a blessing—Prov. 3: 1; 8: 17; Eccl. 12: 1.

Duties of children—Ex. 20: 12; Lev. 19: 3; 19: 32; Eph. 6:1; Col. 3:30; 1 Tim. 2:4. Examples of obedient children—Christ, Luke 2: 6-10; Joseph, Gen. 38: 13-17: Jephthah's daughter, Judges 11:36.

Examples of disobedient children and their punishment—Eli's sons, 1 Sam. 2: 12; 4: 17. Absalom; 2 Sam. 15:2-6; 18: 9, 14, 25. Children of Bethel, 2 Kings 2: 23, 24.

God's call to children—Ps. 34: 11; Math 19: 13, 14; Mark 10: 13-16;

Questions for the Junior Superintendent on "Child Life in India."—(Have the children become well acquainted with contents of Miss Logan's letter before the meeting, by studying it carefully. The Superintendent can add to this list.)

Do the people in India live scattered through the country as people do in America? Why not?

Of what are the houses made? How large are the average ones?

Describe the house Kiwan lives in. What is in ront of the house?

Why are the houses unhealthy to live in? Why oes this not effect the health of the people more than it does?

Where are the cows and other cattle often kept?

What are the streets like? How are they kept?

How old is Kiwan? Why does she not know her exact age? How early does she rise? What is her and her sister's first work in the morning? What do they do next?

What use is made of butter?

At what time in the morning is breakfast eaten? What is the food like? What does Kiwan do when she takes breakfast to the field?

What is the fuel mostly used in India, and how is it made?

Where is school held? What is Kiwan's first work after school? What does she bring home with her?

Where do the people meet for evening service? Describe the church. Who teaches them? What does Kiwan do at the meeting?

What is Kiwan's reason for her sister not being as earnest as she is? What is the real reason?

Is Kiwan always a good girl? What help does she need to make her good?

How many will pray for Kiwan and her sister Jiwan tonight?

(These questions are only meant to be suggestive.)

An Incident.

At each regular session of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Institute held at Silver Lake, last summer, could be seen a quiet, sad-faced woman, who appeared greatly interested. One morning she came to me, and told me of her dear little son who had recently died.

"Years ago," she said, "my only child, a little daughter, died, and when this little son was given me, I took him as a loving indulgence and peculiar treasure from my heavenly Father. He was a rare and winsome child, but he is gone, and my heart seems broken; at times I am almost overwhelmed."

What could I say in the presence of such grief! I crowded back the tears—her eyes were dry and burning. I laid my hand upon her, and was still.

After a little I said: "Lean hard on Jesus, my sister, and occupy yourself with work for Him."

"I would have died, had it not been for the blessed work," she replied.

Then I told her of the poor, motherless, Christless boys across the sea; and the mother heart, so numb with sorrow, was touched. The tears came into her eyes—blessed tears—and she said, "Tell

me all about it, for I know but little of missionary work." As I talked on she stopped me, and with hushed voice said: "I will take one; I will adopt him; I will love him and care for and pray for him; I will educate him, and he shall preach the blessed Gospel in place of my darling in heaven."

Warmth and glow came in the pale face, the heavy eyes now shone with interest, and the mother was comforted.

As I was arranging the matter with Bishop Thoburn, he said, "If she would consent, I could give her a pastor-teacher, already prepared for the field—the need is so great." I wrote her to that effect, and she replied: "I took the matter to the Lord. I had enjoyed the thought of educating the young man, but I said, 'Give me a word, my Father, to help me to decide;" and quickly came the words, 'Go forth, ye heralds of the cross.' 'Nay, nay, my Father, that is holy song; give me Thine own word;' and before I had scarcely uttered the words I heard, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!' My heart was filled with great joy, I was fully satisfied, and with delight and gratitude I make the first instalment of thirty dollars.".

O, women of God, to whom the Lord has intrusted his silver and gold, will ye go and do likewise?—*Selected.*

EDITORIAL.

Mrs. Jeannette C. Alter has kindly sent us the picture which serves as a frontispiece in this number, and all will be interested to know something of this Indian sister. Mrs. Alter says: "She is an active member of our church and corresponding secretary of Warm Springs Indian W. C. T. U. She is a noble type of sweet Christian womanhood, quite capable in many lines of mission work, and takes a practical interest in the uplifting of her people. She no doubt had an Indian name—perhaps several, but the Indians usually call her 'Lizzie.' The costume she wears is the native dress of her husband's people, the Puyallaps. He is an educated Indian and they both occupy government positions at the agency."

If any of our subscribers fail to receive their MAGAZINE please inform us immediately. Don't wait for several months. It is our desire to furnish them promptly and regularly.

A young pastor of a congregation in the West sends ten subscriptions for the MAGAZINE. He realizes that a live interest in missions is a source of strength to the congregation.

As the season for gifts approaches please bear in mind that a sixty cent subscription to the MAGAZINE may gratify some friend twelve times in the year.

One lady writes: "This makes fourteen names I have sent this year; last year we had only three. By next I hope to have twenty or twenty-five. Please send me some more sample copies." Another: "We take four copies of the MAGAZINE in our society. As many do not feel able to subscribe, we pass these around so that all may be informed concerning the mission work of the church."

The Biennial Bazaar, held in the Pittsburgh Exposition buildings, under the auspices of the Women's United Presbyterian Association, was a prosperous affair in more ways than one. The substantial receipts will be a grateful

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acquisition to the treasury, which, from the natural demands of the work, has very large drafts on it; while the social feature—the drawing together of United Presbyterians from the whole countryside in pleasant interchange of thought and courtesy, is of itself a good and pleasant thing. A recent letter from Mrs. Dr. S. C. Ewing, of Egypt, speaks of the pleasure she experienced in attending the Bazaar.

The sad refrain with reference to the cutting of expenses in the last monthly statement of the Foreign Board, as well as in many missionary letters, brings to mind the heroic measure proposed by Dr. Jessup. He says that the salaries are already small, and he knows of no way in which to reduce expenses excepting to send out no more missionaries, and to dismiss native workers. He suggests that the mission treasurers be supplied with a lot of chloroform with which to anæsthetize the missions before proceeding to cut off their hands and feet, which these native workers really are.

We are indebted to Mrs. F. S. Hyde, of Groton, Conn., for the report of the thirtieth annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary Board of the A. B. C. F. M., recently held at New London, Conn. Work in far-off heathen lands, in the domains of the Saracen, and in the isles of the sea, is strongly and clearly sketched; and the organized force at home, whether exerted in senior or junior work, including the rapid and substantial growth in the cradle roll, or the literary department, covering the MAGAZINE and other enterprises, and the always important treasury, is instructively shown. The address of Mrs. Merrill H. Gates, wife of the president of Amherst college, for depth and breadth of thought, and inspiration of purpose ranks second to none.

Mrs. A. S. Vincent—A Tribute.

The Monmouth *Review*, of May 3rd, 1897, contains the following statement in regard to the death of Mrs. A. S. Vincent:

Mrs. A. S. Vincent died at the family home on East Broadway yesterday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock. She has borne with fortitude intense suffering for many months, and while her death was not unexpected, it was a shock to all when it came at last. Mrs. Vincent was formerly Miss Susan Walker and was born in Cameron, West Virginia, in 1854. When eight years of age she came to Monmouth with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Walker, both of whom died several years ago. She was a student of Monmouth college in the class of '72. In August, 1876, she married Rev. A. S. Vincent, D. D., Ph. D. In September of last year Dr. and Mrs. Vincent returned to Monmouth to educate their children. The deceased leaves two daughters, Elizabeth and Grace, and one little son, George, who, together with her husband, mourn the loss of a devoted wife and mother.

Those who knew Mrs. Vincent will always hold her name in loving remembrance. She was the favorite of the home circle and her acquaintances during her girlhood. She early gave her heart to Christ, and became a member of the First United Presbyterian church of Monmouth during the pastorate of the late Rev. J. G. Barnes. As the wife of a minister, she was indeed his helper in every good word and work. When they left the congregation of Brighton, Iowa,

to come to Spring Hill, Ind., the parting was with sorrow and the welcome was with gladness. Mrs. Vincent moved among the people with such charming grace that they were filled with admiration. They never ceased to admire and love her.

To this day they call her blessed. Her presence was a benediction to the people, whether it was a day of gladness or sorrow. She was for many years a leader among a number of earnest women who organized the Indiana presbyterial society and carried on its work. During the six years stay in Paxton, Ill., she engaged in the work of the congregation and the presbyterial society with the same devotion she had shown while at Spring Hill.

Her presence and influence were appreciated in the General Missionary society. She loved the work of the whole church, and consequently favored such propositions as would ultimately bring the greatest good to the greatest number. In the meeting of the General society in 1891, in her Thank-offering address, she was the first to suggest and advocate the plan of "a penny a day" thank-offering, which has brought such magnificent results to the society. In the general work of the society she favored broad and generous propositions. Her presence and influence will be greatly missed in the annual meetings.

Testimonials also from the women of Paxton show that they delighted to honor her, regardless of church relationship. In all the work in which the women of that city engaged they looked to Mrs. Vincent to lead them. She was always equal to the occasion.

Public duties, however, did not cause her to neglect her family. "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness; her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Prov. 31:27-28. She was a friend to the poor also, and to the one who had no helper.

The alabaster box of ointment has indeed been broken, and the odor of the ointment has filled all the house where we were sitting. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, *write*, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

MRS. J. P. COWAN.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Alter reports Rev. Speer as almost recovered from his injuries, but it will be some time before he recovers his strength entirely.

Missionaries and Cheap Living.

The question seems to be again coming to the front. "Should missionaries live more cheaply?" There are two points involved, (1) Economy, and (2) Can we in this way get nearer the people, and influence them more?

As to economy, we certainly should try to make mission funds go just as far as possible, and so extravagance must be deprecated. Only, what is economy? For ox, horse or man, it pays to have good food, and enough of it. Then in India, too, as many of us have noticed, the climate is very trying, so that large houses, tatties and punkhas are almost as much of a necessity as the mere *ab-o dana*, and still further, the more one gets, in close hand-to-hand work, into the sounds, smells, and sights of India, the more he feels the need of a place of safe retreat—of a home, at least quiet and sweet-smelling, if not very beautiful. And this is just about the hardest thing to get when living as a native in a native house. It does not seem *good economy* for missionaries to be deprived of these comforts

unless it be clear that there is some gain beyond that of saving money.

To my mind the principal question is, "Can we by living differently influence the people more?" Some five or six years ago I felt convinced that we could. May I give a brief account of my efforts and experience?

I began work in an unoccupied city of Bundelkhand, a place of twenty-eight thousand inhabitants. As the saraes were uncommonly bad, the rooms not having any doors whatever, I rented a shop, the other half of the building being occupied by shoemakers. The room measured about fourteen feet by eight, and there was a verandah in front about the same size. I had one servant, a Christian boy. Shortly after a young Englishman came, and he was with us some two weeks. He had not yet mastered the language, and so could not do much preaching. We certainly were thoroughly uncomfortable, and succeeded in abasing ourselves in the eyes of the people, and did a great deal of preaching also. But what I had longed for was to get near the people, to convince them that I really was working only for their salvation, that I was denying myself for them, and not doing missionary work as a *noukari*, for I had felt we were looked on very much as government servants, taking up this work as a means of livelihood. I was never more thoroughly earnest about anything I undertook, and I entered upon it with great hopefulness and confidence, and never have I felt that I made a more dismal failure. Every thing turned out just as I had not expected. I was taken for a shop-keeper, and asked if I had knives for sale, for the people were accustomed to low-down *angrez log* of that kind! They seemed to regard me as nothing but poor white trash! The idea that I had voluntarily given up anything, or was denying myself, never occurred to them. I was still the same *sarkari noukar*, only had not succeeded in getting a very remunerative position. I did not object to enduring hardness, or to being looked upon as ever so small and base, *provided* I could accomplish my end, and get hold of the people, and lead them to Christ. The self-abasement was a means to an end, but, alas, the end seemed further off than ever! It seemed to me I had less influence instead of more. I met with a great deal of opposition, a vast amount of ridicule, and had no end of yelling, hooting, and hand clapping from the small boys, but my success seemed to end there.

Still it did not seem right to give up the experiment so soon, and I tried it again in two other places, staying in a city of twenty-four thousand about a fortnight, and in a town of eight thousand over three weeks. The result was practically the same in all three places. One thing I was struck with was the difficulty of living low enough to convince the people that I was really denying myself at all—consequently it all made no impression for good on them. After I had lived very, very poorly, according to my own ideas, yet to them I seemed to be in luxury. One Sunday a number of Arayas had gathered for an argument. By and by the servant began to cook my dinner, whereupon one politely suggested they had better now leave. But another replied "no; the sahib's dinner is always cooking!" I was rather discouraged in my efforts. Naturally when you have your dinner cooked on your front verandah, and I had no other place, it attracts more attention then when cooked in the back kitchen.

If one could get down low enough to be a genuine *faqir*, live on a little *chabena* and water, wear few clothes, supplemented with ashes, perform his devotions

in public places, and carry himself with an air of sanctity, then *possibly* an impression might be made. But my effort was a sad failure. I had a four rupee servant, a two rupee house, an entire suit of warm clothes, and three meals a day. They looked on me as a worlding. I came out of the experiment a richer man, for my salary had been accumulating; but I was a wiser man too. If others feel unsettled, my advice to them is simply, "Give the new method a few months trial, only let it be in the cool weather!"—J. N. FORMAN, in the *Indian Standard.*

"After Many Days."

Robert Louis Stevenson, the distinguished writer, who lived in Samoa for the last years of his life, and knew and praised missionary work, says of one native missionary in these Southern islands: "He was the best specimen of the Christian hero I ever met." Of another native missionary, Kekela, who labored in the cannibal island of Hiva-oa, Mr. Stevenson tells this story: "The boats of an American whaler put into a bay in Hiv-oa shortly after a Peruvian slaver had kidnapped a number of the people. In revenge the islanders attacked the whaler's boats. The boats escaped, but the mate was captured. Kekela saved him from being killed and eaten by giving up as a ransom every valuable he had. He kept the mate in his own house till one day a ship came in sight. Then at the risk of his own life, he had the mate rowed out to the ship. The American Government sent the brave fellow a gold watch and a sum of money in grateful acknowledgment of of his heroic kindness. In his letter of thanks, he said: 'When I saw one of your countrymen about to be baked and eaten, as a pig is eaten, I ran to save him, full of pity and grief at the evil deed of these benighted people. As to this friendly deed of mine in saving Mr. Whalon, its seed came from your great land, and was brought by certain of your countrymen, who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it to plant in this land. From your land a most precious seed was brought to the land of darkness. Great is my debt to missionaries who have taught me all things pertaining to this life and to that which is to come'."—*Ex.*

STUDIES FOR 1898.

January—Our Missionaries.
February—Spiritual Guidance.
March—The Treasury.
April—Alaska.
May—A study of the Shorter Catechism.
June—The Congregation, what the Missionary Society can do for it.
July—The Covenanters.
August—Protestant Missions in Europe.
September—Missions in Latin America.
October—Our Foreign Population and City Missions.
November—Native Christians.
December—The Everlasting Promise.

Programme for January, 1898.

OUR MISSIONARIES.

Singing.—Psalm 22, L. M., 17-19 vs; B. S., 27.

Scripture.—Romans 10th chap., 8-17 vs.

Sentence prayers closed by president.

Paper.—What missionaries have done for the languages, commerce and humanity of the world; or, if preferred, Christian patriotism as shown in our home mission work.

Singing.—Psalm 72, L. M., B. S., 99, 4th, 5th vs.

Paper.—six minutes—An imaginary tour from Alexandria to Aswan, visiting our missionaries at their stations on the Nile.

Prayer.

Paper.—six minutes—Bread cast on the waters of the five rivers—The Punjab—by our missionaries in India.

Roll Call—Responded to by mission facts.

Business. Close with 23rd psalm sung to Home, Sweet Home.

S. McD.

REPORTS, ETC.

November Report Women's Board.

Three meetings have been held so far, during the month, with a fourth scheduled for the 23rd, to meet Dr. Barr of the Foreign Board, to arrange for a meeting of the committees to confer in regard to the foreign work as recommended by the General Assembly. The monthly re-

ports were given at the regular meeting held November 2nd. Treasurer reports September receipts, $2294.30; disbursements, $4934,45. Oct. receipts, $3434.-45; disbursements, $10,062.19.

The Foreign secretary is anxious to secure a medical missionary for India. Dr. Platter has been ill with fever during September and needs an assistant. Miss McCahon, who sailed for India the 7th of September, writes from Sialkot that she arrived there on the 18th of October, about the quickest time ever made by one of our missionaries.

Home secretary reports for the Ministerial Relief fund two families assisted. Miss Barnes appointed missionary at Moline for six months. Missionary at Spokane reports 160 visits made; attended 13 meetings; 100 pieces of literature distributed. Report from Simnasho that the Indians are returning from their summer outing. Mr. Speer is recovering from the accident which befell him a short time ago.

Freedmen's secretary reports buying a new sewing machine for sewing department at Norfolk. Carpet for one room and paper for two rooms granted for the Girls' Industrial Home at Chase City; also appropriation made for a new well.

Church Extension secretary reports applications for loans, three of which were granted.

Junior secretary reports three new societies West Hebron, N. Y., 8th Pittsburg, and Verona. 12 new subscribers to the proposed paper.

Literature secretary and Thank-offering secretary both made short reports.

The pamphlet entitled, "Questions and Answers on India," by Miss Anna Given, was ordered to be published.

Resolutions on the death of Mrs. Joseph B. Kyle, recently elected a member of the Board, were adopted and ordered to be published in the church papers and the MAGAZINE.

MARY W. PORTER, Sec'y.

Treasurer's Report.

Receipts for the month of October 1897. [When not otherwise specified the money is from the Presbytery named.]

Foreign.—Conemaugh, 5; Allegheny, 20; Westmoreland, 20; Pawnee, 9; Steubenville, 30; and for Egypt and India, 17; Lake, 15; Concordia for India, 3; Omaha, 11, and for India, 5; Monmouth, 5; San Francisco, 9, and for India, 2; Ryegate L. M. S., 65; Argyle, 10; Philadelphia, 15; Muskingum 38; Chicago, 7, and for India 15; College Springs, 5, and for India and Egypt, 15; Butler, 2; 1st Ohio, 8; Des Moines, 14.85; Iowa North Western for India, 10; Frankfort, 3, and for India, 14, Garnett, 6; Xenia, 32; A member of Morea L. M. S., 4; Lake, 20; Wheeling, 33, and for India, 23; Los Angeles, 10; Mansfield, 18; Iowa North Western, 5; Caledonia, 11.

Foreign Special.—For famine sufferers India by Allegheny, 3; San Francisco, 7; Muskingum, 10, and Cedar Rapids, 50; Muskingum, for native scholarship India, 6.25; Mrs. Jennie Carnahan Aledo for hospital Aysut Egypt, 10, and for girls boarding school same place 10; Mrs. D. R. Johnston, Aledo, for girls boarding school Asyut, Egypt, 5.

Endowment of Beds in Jhelum Hospital India.—For Junior Bed by Conemaugh, 6; Steubenville, 6; San Francisco, 2; Lake, 5; Mansfield, 10.77; For Martha Eleanor Wilson Memorial, by Keokuk, 20; Mrs. McCollum, 5; Mrs. Peacock, 1; Mrs. McKean, 1; Mrs. Nelson, 1; Miss Currie, 5.

Foreign Salaries.—Miss Corbett, Conemaugh, 100; Miss Hogg, Societies of 2nd and 3rd churches Allegheny, 100; Miss Logan, Allegheny, 150; Dr. Johnson, Westmoreland, 59; Miss F. C. Martin, Conemaugh, O. Y. P. C. U., 47; Miss M. R. Martin, Steubenville, 50; Mansfield, 73.05: Miss C. E. Wilson, Keokuk, 76; Des Moines, 88.50; Miss Thompson, Muskingum, 110; 1st Ohio, 62.50; Miss Young, College Springs, 56; Miss Spencer, Butler, 74: Miss Buchanan, Monongahela, 55; Miss Cora Dickey, by societies in 6th Church Pittsburg, 55; Miss M. A. Lawrence, Colorado, 52.50; Miss Ella M. Gordon, Cedcr Rapids, 60.

Hospitals in India.—1st and 2nd Monmouth, 10.

Home and Salaries.—Allegheny. 60; 33rd street Pittsburgh, part payment on Note 3, 100; Westmoreland, 29; Pawnee, 5; Steubenville, 15; Monmouth, 5; San Francisco, 8; Muskingum, 9; Allegheny, 5, Butler, 10; 1st Ohio, 19; Des Moines, 10; Xenia, 65; A member of Morea L. M. S., 3; Lake, 17; Wheeling, 15; Colorado, 10.

Warm Springs Indians.—Allegheny, 29; Westmoreland, 15; 2nd Jersey City Juniors, 5; Steubenville, 10; Muskingum, 1; Colorado, 5.

Freedmen's Salaries.—Allegheny, 10; 1st Boston W. M. S. 84; Steubenville, pupil in Knoxville College, 14; Lake, 6; Omaha, 10; Monmouth, 5; San Francisco, 22; Muskingum, 11, and for Knoxville, 5; Chicago, 16; College Springs, 22; Butler, 19; 1st Ohio, 5; Des Moines, 8; Miss Maria T. Henika, Ocean Grove, for Knoxville, 3; A member of Morea L. M. S., 3; Colorado, 5.

Alabama Farm.—Allegheny, 4; Salem, N. Y. Young Helpers 8; Cambridge Juniors, 8; College Springs, 8; Pratt Creek Juniors, 8.

Little Girl's Home Tenn.—4th Allegheny, Y. L., 30; College Springs, 15.

Church Extension and Parsonage.—Allegheny, 8; Columbus, Ohio, Neil Ave., last payment on fourth note, 89.10; Monmouth, 4; 2nd Portland, Or. 2nd and 3rd payments on fourth note, 107; Newton, Kan., 2nd payment on first note, 27.25; Lake, 10; Wheeling, 10; Colorado Springs interest, 12.50; Los Angeles, 10; Columbus, O., Neil Ave., 1st payment on fifth note, 89.10.

Bethesda Home.—1st Verona, 5.

Ministerial Relief.—Omaha, 4; Muskingum, 1; Xenia, 10; Wheeling, 10.

Memorial Hospital, Allegheny.—Butler, 14.

Pittsburgh Syrian Mission.—Monongahela, 58.

Contingent Fund.—Interest on loans, 136.27; from sale of minutes of W. G. M. S. of 1897, 53 81.

E. J. SLOAN, Treasurer.

Question Drawer.

[Address communications for this department to Miss E. W. Pollock, 234 East 9th St., Erie, Pa.]

Ques.—Should we elect women to office, at the

peril of society, for the sake of interesting them?

Ans.—The question answers itself to the thoughtful mind, and we would almost wonder why it is asked if we did not know that in the earnest desire to get all the women of the church interested in the missionary society and its work, we are liable to overlook the interests of the work and exercise more zeal than knowledge. And when it comes to the annual election, one of these unsuitable persons may be nominated by a thoughtless member, and the wiser and more thoughtful members do not like to oppose her, for fear of giving offense; so they allow her to be elected to the office, to the detriment of the work. This is all wrong. God's cause should never be hindered by placing indifferent or incompetent persons in such positions. To avoid this, each society should have a nominating committee, appointed at least a month before the annual meeting, and let them consider well those they place in nomination for officers and the board of managers.

Ques.—Should we permit personal prejudice toward the workers to allow us to place hinderances in the way, or to refuse to join hands in the work of the master?

Ans.—It is very sad that a question like this should have to be asked in regard to Christian people. As Christians we have our credentials given us by our Master, Jesus, which are these: "A new commandment I give unto, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." (John 13, 24-25) These are not written upon paper, to be folded and placed in the pocket, and taken out only when needed, but they are written upon the heart, and that love must show itself in our life, in every act, and must shine from our very eyes, so that it can be felt by every one who comes into our presence. If it does not show itself, if we have personal predjudice against christian workers, so that we will place hinderances in the way of christian work, and will not join hands with them in the work of the Lord, we cannot show our credentials, and have no right to be called Jesus' disciples. If we are not following in the foot-steps of our Lord, let us not bear his name another hour, till we have cried unto him for mercy and forgiveness. Let us pray with David, "Create in me a clean heart, O, God; and renew a right spirit within me." Now let us go to work with our hearts clean from all prejudice and full of love one to another.

Ques.—How can we make the women's meetings interesting? Would you suggest using the programs in the Magazine? Have they proved successful in arousing more interest in any society that you know of?

Ans.—The best way I know of to make a meeting interesting is for each member to stir up the gift that is in her, and come to the meeting determined to do her part to make it interesting. We soon get interested in what we help to do. The next thing is to have a President who will keep the work of the hour up to time, and not let it drag and become tiresome. As for the program, I would suggest that all societies discuss the subjects given in the Magazine. It is not necessary to adhere strictly to the program. Each society can treat the subject as it seems best to them. In our society we have printed programs. We take the subject in the Magazine for the leading paper, giving time enough for the writer to take up all points given if she wishes to. We spend the remainder of the time in hearing reports from the different mission-fields. They bring the latest news, and we thus keep in touch with the work we are trying to help. I can only speak of one society in regard to these programs arousing more interest. We feel that they have broadened our field of thought, and brought before us subjects that we would not have thought of. Then, in following these programs we have the benefit of what is given in the Magazine on the subject. When a program is furnished in the Magazine there is no excuse for any society being without one. E. W. P.

Mrs. Ella Barnett Kyle.

At the close of the funeral services of Mrs. Joseph Kyle, in the Fourth church, Allegheny, on October 27th, a large representation of Allegheny Presbyterial Missionary society gathered in the lecture-room and appointed as a committee, to prepare for publication a memorial of its much-beloved president, Mrs. W. J. Robinson, Mrs. H. C. Campbell, and Mrs. W. W. Lawrence. The result is the following tribute:

The Women's Missionary Association of Allegheny Presbytery places on record the following tribute of love to the memory of Mrs. Ella Barnett Kyle, beloved wife of the Rev. Joseph Kyle, D. D., who has been called so suddenly from us to her heavenly home.

Mrs. Kyle was a woman of singular excellence of life, attractive in person, gifted in intellect, and crowned with the clustering graces of a consecrated Christian character. She had won the high esteem and sincere affection of all our hearts during the few bright years she had been among us. A bright, cheerful spirit of devotion to her Master illumined her whole life. She was earnest and untiring in her Christian service. She seemed to be always ready for every good work. She was clear in her apprehension of responsibility, firm in her conviction, and unshrinking in her purpose to do her whole duty. As a member of our association she was most kindly in her spirit, genial in her intercourse with the members, considerate of others, wise in council, and ever ready to advance its interests. While never seeking position or honor, she was ever ready to fill any place or take up any work that was assigned to her.

At the time of her sudden call from us she was the acting president of the association, to which position she had been elected for the second time. But a few days previous to her death she presided over the meeting of the association with her accustomed ease and efficiency, while, as we know, the shadow of her great approaching trial and peril was resting upon her soul. Yet so fully did she give herself to the interests of the meeting, so forgetful was she of self, so cheerful and bright was her spirit, that not even a suspicion entered the mind of any present that she was looking down into what she knew might be the dark valley. And when the trial came she was ready. Loving life, with much for which to live, and living as she did under a high and holy purpose, yet when the Master called, she bowed sweetly to his will and took her crown.

She will be missed in her place among us, but the aroma of her Christian life will remain with us. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

We assure the deeply-afflicted husband, and the parents and relatives of our departed president, of our heartfelt sympathy, as the shadow which has fallen upon their hearts rests also upon ours.

MRS. ELLA BARNETT KYLE.

A tribute of love and affection from the Ladies Missionary Society of the Fourth U, P. church Allegheny, on the death of our pastor's wife, Mrs. Ella Barnett Kyle, who died Oct. 25th 1897.

God in his all wise and mysterious providenee has removed suddenly from our midst our dear sis-

ter and co-worker to her heavenly home. While we as a society deeply mourn her loss, may we be enabled to bow in submission to the will of God, knowing that he doeth all things well. We shall miss her cheery presence, as well as the willing heart and helping hand, which was ever ready for loving service; and while she has been taken from us, her memory shall still remain, and will ever be an inspiration to more zeal in the Master's work.

Our sympathies are extended to our pastor in his sore personal bereavement; to her mother and father in the loss of an affectionate and faithful daughter, and to the brother who has been deprived of a sister's counsel and companionship. We commend them to the loving Father whose grace is sufficient for every time of need, and who gives us the comforting promises, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." "What I do thou knowest not now but thou shalt know hereafter." COM.

Mrs. Sarah Anderson.

Mrs. Sarah Anderson died August 27, 1897, leaving a husband, three children, a sister and a host of loving friends to mourn their loss.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian church, of Indianola, Iowa, of which she was a member, recognize the hand of a loving Father, to whom we are truly thankful for the sweet influence of a noble Christian life. By her cheerful disposition her splendid temper, her kind words for all, and her faithfulness to her duties in family, social and church circles, she always reflected the character of her Master.

Her life is protrayed in the last chapter of Proverbs. She did what she could; then fell asleep in the arms of her Beloved. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of the righteous."

"One more golden link is woven
In love's still enduring chain,
One more tie is formed in heaven
There forever to remain;
One more life has passed from sorrow,
And the sin of earth's alloy,
One more soul has found the morrow
Of eternal peaee and joy." COM.

Mrs. Wm. McFarland.

We, the members of the W. M. S. of the Sixth United Presbyterian church, Pittsburgh, Pa., have been called again to mourn the loss of one of our members, Mrs. William McFarland, who was taken home September 18th, 1897.

Resolved, That we offer this tribute of love, and bear testimony that Mrs. McFarland was an honored, conscientious and faithful member of our society, one who was always interested in whatever pertained to the advancement of the Master's kingdom. We feel that we have lost a cheerful and willing worker, one who was ever ready to help in all departments of work.

Resolved, that we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, and commend them to the Great Comforter.

Our hearts are sad by our loss but we feel sure that for her "to live was Christ and to die was gain." MRS. ANNIE M. GILMORE, MRS. EMMA F. YOUNG. } Com.

Mrs. Isabella Robertson Walker.

The W. M. S. of Caledonia, N. Y., would place on record in the Women's Missionary MAGAZINE a loving testimonial to the memory of Mrs. Isabella Robertson Walker, a faithful member of the society from its organization; a noble, generous, devoted servant of the divine Master, who, March 30, 1897, at the advanced age of ninety years, was called to serve in the very presence of the Lord she had loved and served so well in this his outlying province, and occupy the place prepared for her in the Father's palace in the "Beautiful Country" beyond the deep and rolling river. By request, E. A. B.

Mrs. Ann Jane Baird.

A tribute of loving respect from the W. M. S. of the Avalon, Pa., church, to the memory of Mrs. Ann Jane Baird who was called to her heavenly home, Wednesday, Sept. 22nd, 1897.

During a long period of weakness and suffering, her cheerful, patient and Christlike life endeared her to all.

Though unable to attend the meetings, she was always interested in the work and contributed of her means for the spread of the gospel.

We extend our sincere sympathy to the sorrowing ones in the home and commend them all to Him who said, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." COM.

Mrs. J. D. Barr,

God in his wise Providence called from earth Mrs. J. D. Barr, a member of the L. M. S. of the 6th United Presbyterian church of Pittsburg, Pa. July 11th, 1897. We, the members of this society place on record this tribute of esteem.

1st, That we bow in submission to God's will, trusting what is "loss to us is gain to her."

2nd, That we be more earnest in the Master's work, knowing the time is short. "Be ye also ready."

3rd, That we extend to husband and son our sincere sympathy and trust they may be sustained by Him who said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

MRS. J. H. DICKEY, MRS. ROBT. HAYS. } COM.

The annual meeting of the W. M. S., of Frankfort Presbytery, met at King's Creek Sept, 7th, at 11 a. m. The President, Mrs. Brown Calhoun conducted the devotional exercises and made the opening address, eleven societies and Burgettstown mission band being represented by twenty-three delegates. Three new organizations were reported, viz: Tomlinson Run, New Bethlehem and Ohio. The afternoon session was opened with devotional exercises, after which reports were read from the societies and mission band, which indicated an increased interest in the work in many places An interesting conference was held on the question, "What is the reason so many of our women do not belong to our missionary society or attend our meetings?" Opened by Mrs. Kate M. Torrence, followed by talks from Mrs. Rev. Khron and Mrs. N. F. Leiper. Papers from all the societies were good, and seemed to be appreciated by the audience. In the absence of Mrs. Mary Smith, Miss Lizzie Campbell conducted the praise service at the evening session. The audience were somewhat disappointed by the president announcing that the speaker of the evening, Rev. W. W. Reed, on account of illness, could not be present. After devotional exercises, Mrs. Anna Ramsey extended a cordial greeting to delegates and friends, to which Mrs. Agnes M. Leiper responded in behalf of the society. An excellent paper on "Temperance" was read by Mrs. Jennie Scott, the delegate from Ohio. We were favored by a bible reading, subject, "Paul's work," by Miss Ida Swearingen. Society elected a delegate to the next general convention, to be held in Cleveland, May, 1898. Mrs. Brown Calhoun was chosen delegate and Miss Flora Nelson alternate. For the coming year, Mrs. Rev. Wallace was elected President; Miss Allen recording secretary; Miss Emma Strouss, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Arnold, Treasurer. After thanking the good people of King's Creek for their hospitality, society adjourned to meet at Tomlinson Run in September 1898.

ETTA S. MEHAFFEY, Cor. Sec'y.

1. Rev. James Galloway Hunt,
2. Mrs Florida Pattison Hunt,
3. Mrs. Mary Blanche Anderson,
4. Rev. Wm. Brainan Anderson,
5. Miss Laurella Gibson Dickson,
6. Prof. Robert Stewart McClenahan,
7. Mrs. Margaret Jeannette McClenahan,
8. Mrs. Alice Elliott McClure,
9. Rev. Robert Reed McClure.